VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 26, 1905. NUMBER 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

When man shall rise to manhood's destiny,
When our slow-toddling race shall be full grown,
Deep in each human heart a chamber lone
Of holies, holiest shall builded be,
And each man for himself must hold the key.

Each man must kindle his own altar fires,
Each burn an offering of his own desires,
And each, at last, his own High Priest shall be!

—*David Starr Jordan, in the Wandering Host.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1905. NUMBER 8

Let us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of the false estimates, let us throw down the god money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals—a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn, a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has.

—*David Swing.*

UNITY has called attention more than once to the phenomenal work along the line of civic sanitation accomplished by Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo. In answer to recent inquiries for more information, we will again say that her address on "Meat Inspection," delivered before the master butchers of America in Grand Rapids last August and printed in the *Butchers' and Packers' Gazette* of St. Louis in the issue of August 19th has been reprinted on separate sheets, as has also her address on "The Work for Clean Streets," been reprinted from the *Woman's Forum* of September, 1905. Probably parties wishing copies of these stirring addresses for use can obtain the same by addressing Mrs. Crane.

Rev. M. F. Ham, Pastor of the Unitarian church of Dallas, Texas, found the action of the Christian Federation in excluding the Unitarians the subject for a sprightly sermon, which is published in the *Dallas Times-Herald.* After questioning the Christianity of these Christian churches, he ventures the opinion that the Unitarians are "in the line of promotion." "At least," he says, "if we ever do come into power we intend to see to it that our Trinitarian brethren have the best seats in the Christian conventions." We wonder if they would. It seems easy to make such a promise now when the test is apparently so remote; this, like so many ante-election pledges, is easy to make but hard to fulfill. Browning in his "Easter Day," says: "It is hard to be a Christian," and every one who measures his practice by his theories, who tries to apply his own standards and to embody his own philosophy fully realizes the truth implied in the poet's frankness.

Last week we commended the *St. Nicholas* for next year on account of the promised Boys' Life of Lincoln. We read the prospectus for 1906 with some anxiety. It promises to tell the adventures of a boy who gets into "most of the hockey, base-ball and foot-ball teams"; of a "wild and flighty girl," likened to an Indian. There are to be foot-ball stories, articles on military training, how to learn to shoot, all of which will doubtless be charmingly illustrated and fascinating to the boys and girls. We cannot believe that this magazine, builded by the skillful hand and pervaded by the gentle spirit of Mary Mapes Dodge, now of blessed memory, can be other than a benignant culture force, and still we can but express our regret at any attempt to glorify the martial spirit, to foster the shooting instinct or to palliate the brutality of the "rough-house" games of foot-ball and its less brutal associates. If war is bad, dueling and prize fighting are bad, and this appeal to brawn on what has well been named the "gridiron" is to be deplored. The athletic season is fairly begun. The quiet isolation and concentration which ought to characterize the early days of the college year are for the next six weeks to be rudely interfered with by the "rooters" and "howlers", the betting, the drinking and the slugging which are carried on under the confessed directorship of our highest institutions of learning. Good men go to bull fights, brave men have fought duels and gentlemen have been and are interested in the ring with its Queensbury rules, but it does not on that account follow that these things are worthy of preservation or that good and gentle men and women will always delight in them.

The American Unitarian Association is making rapid strides in its commendable effort to prove that a denominational publishing house should not and need not necessarily be a publisher only of controversial tracts, sectarian and theological discussions. Among its promised publications this fall is to be a volume on "The Daughters of the Puritans," including such women as Miss Sedgwick, Dorothy Dix, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Louisa Alcott; another volume on "The Education of the Negro in the South," being monographs on the six leading southern institutions engaged in this work,—the schools at Washington, Berea, Tuskegee, Hampton, Atlanta, and Nashville; and a volume of "pulpit and pew papers" gathered from the writing of the genial Brooke Herford, entitled "Eutychus and his Relations," may prove that the father was worthy of his son Oliver in his incisive humor. J. Estlin Carpenter's Life of James Martineau will be one more valuable contribution to the Martineau literature, and the republication of Robert Collyer's "Man in Earnest"

will again bring the story of an early missionary of the liberal faith in the West into new service. How far it is wise to handicap these volumes, all of which are worthy candidates to a place in current literature without an adjective, with a denominational imprint, is a question about which honest minds will widely differ. It is certainly a commendable effort on the part of the Association to prove the breadth of its sympathies and the culture quality in its inspirations. The books will do honor to the Unitarian name and the name ought not to be a make-weight to such books.

"The Potency of a Flag" would be a subject whose adequate discussion would imply a profound study of history, psychology and religion. It involves the power of symbols and the inspirations of emblems. The war spirit, the patriotism that imprisons and narrows the soul, has been largely inspired by the flag, an appeal to which is the final climax of oratory and rhetoric. Is it not time that the symbol of peace be flung to the air on every possible occasion? Let there be an emblem of internationalism, a world-flag. Such a flag would develop the sense of brotherhood, suggest justice and liberty throughout the world. The following account, clipped from the daily press, of the origin of the "white-bordered banner," should be read in all the public schools of America as a preliminary to the installation of the white-bordered flag as a part of the school decoration. For a time such an installation would have to be provided for by the voluntary contributions of the children and teachers; eventually it would be done by the order of school directories. When the churches and the schools of the world will fling to the breeze this emblem of internationalism in connection with the home flag, the demand that arbitration should take the place of the call to arms will be imperative. The beginning already made is a real one, as this story will show:

The Emblem of Peace, which has been adopted by the great powers of the world in their endeavor to ameliorate the horrors of war, strange to say, had its birth in the same city where the first American flag was made. It was on Oct. 12, 1891, the three hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the discovery of America, that a committee of 400 representatives of peace advocates from the different nations of the world met at Philadelphia to plan the first peace congress ever held. Here, where the first Star-Spangled Banner was made by the hands of Betsy Ross, and in the same room where the Declaration of Independence was signed, the world's ensign of peace had its origin.

During the conference it was suggested that a banner should be chosen to typify the cause, and to wave as a universal peace flag over the International Court of Arbitration during its sessions in the Peace Palace at The Hague. The design that was accepted, and since has been adopted, was the flag of each nation combined with a white border, which expresses individuality as well as unity, and could be readily adopted by each country.

The British and American flags thus bordered and nobly mounted form one of the attractive features in the Peace Cathedral at The Hague. Let the schools and churches make the beginning. Let this stanza to the white-bordered banner, which we reprint from a recent number of UNITY, or a better one, be always sung in connection with the Star Spangled Banner in church and school, and the cause of international arbitration and universal peace will be greatly strengthened.

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
  To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
  All the races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's gentler call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
  O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
  O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
  O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
  O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

The Installation of a College President.

Last week witnessed a great event in the history of the University of Illinois. The twin cities of Urbana and Champaign found their hospitalities taxed to the utmost; hotels and private houses were filled and the home-like campus of the University swarmed with human beings. The procession on Wednesday was a great academic array of caps and gowns. The column was resplendent with the blue, purple, gold and crimson that represented kaleidoscopic degrees and institutions. Colleges and universities beyond number were represented by their presidents, professors and trustees. The inauguration itself was an imposing affair. The great gymnasium, which is said to seat three thousand people, was packed. The acoustics of the building are admirable and the speakers were easily heard, even to the farthermost confines. The principal addresses were made by ex-President Draper and the incoming President, Dr. James. The latter discussed the Ideal University, placing emphasis on its specialized work and urging the importance of developing the high school into collegiate efficiency where the mass of citizens would finish their academic training.

At the close of the exercises some thirty or more honorary degrees were granted. Judging from the number of bridge-builders that were signaled out for special honor and commendation, it would seem as though the University of Illinois has already taken to the "pontifical" business.

The three days were filled with conferences, discussing various problems of special education and executive management. The special point of interest to readers of UNITY was the Thursday discussion on Religious Education in State Universities and Colleges. There were three sessions, Prof. Shaler Matthews, of the University of Chicago, presiding. The program was a full one, perhaps too clerical. Of the sixteen printed names, seven were prefixed with the word "Reverend." There were three representatives of the Catholic church, and a representative of Judaism was invited but failed to appear. Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Independents were on the program. It so happened, according to an inside account, that the Presbyterians carried off the largest number of names, which was explained by the fact that the Presbyterians have always been

vitally and actively interested in problems of education.

The discussion revealed a surprising unanimity on two points, viz., that that education is incomplete and inadequate which neglects the religious faculties, which does not develop the spiritual nature. In other words, religion is a primal factor in culture. The second point was that something needs be done; that the influence of college life is not favorable to religious enthusiasm and perhaps to spiritual development. President King of Oberlin urged in one of the most searching addresses of the week, that the danger of the university to young men and women is not irreligion, not doubt, but an atrophy of the religious faculties, a non-religious complacency, the loss of the power of religious emotion, of spiritual enthusiasm, of social worship, brought about by the absorptions of the more clamorous activities and pleasures of the campus, the cheaper enthusiasms and the more noisy demonstrations.

But when it came to discussing the remedy, there was manifest lack of vision and an absence of any consensus of opinion. Professor Kelsey of Ann Arbor urged with power the desirability of the various denominations establishing their theological seminaries in the neighborhood of the university campus so that the influence of the faculty and the atmosphere connected with such schools might permeate the ground. The desirability of establishing denominational "homes," halls, or guild houses, on the grounds and perhaps appointing university pastors connected therewith by the several denominations, the expense of which was to be maintained by the various denominations, seemed to meet with much favor. President Merrifield of the University of North Dakota brought the most radical suggestion, *viz.*, that the denominations should establish affiliated colleges in the neighborhood of the universities where the special work in biblical and religious studies, not practicable or permissible in state universities, could be carried on, due credit to be given by the university administration where the students pursued their other studies. A beginning has already been made in North Dakota. The Methodists have established their Wesleyan college in the vicinity of the State University, and other denominations are considering.

To our mind, the highest and boldest suggestion came from a woman, Miss Lillian N. Johnson, President of the Western College for Women. She urged that the same kind of provision could and ought to be made by the university on the campus, at university expense, for the psychical and spiritual man as is now being made for the physical man, in which she rejoiced. She argued for a counterpart of the gymnasium, a large amphitheater which on stated occasions would serve as a chapel where the prophetic voices of all denominations could be heard in the interest of the great verities of the soul. Meanwhile, by systems of such side chapels, swinging doors, movable partitions, etc., there should be rooms duly heated and lighted where students would find such opportunities for reading, social communion and special instruction on spiritual and ethical lines as they might provide for themselves or as would be provided for them through the help of religious and other outside organization, without cost to the state. Such building at the outset might be conceived in the simplicity of the gymnasium; later, as confidence grew, it would doubtless take upon itself monumental qualities and become great in its architectural proportions as becomes the beautiful service it would render.

The surprising and disappointing thing in the discussion was that, with very few exceptions, the speakers assumed that existing methods, formulas and denominational activities were adequate to the needs of the student if he could only be brought under their influence. There was a general ignoring of the fact that aside from the outside distractions and the loss of church routine and influence, the university brings the thoughtful student face to face with new problems and gives to them new view-points. The creeds and formulas and forms that appealed to them at home no longer appeal to them, and the same forces that weaken the power of the clergy on the outside, confuse and confound the churches at home and affect still more powerfully the young men and women in the school. These young people require in the university what they will require after graduation; not more church privileges, but different church privileges; not more pastoral care, but better, higher pastoral care. When the university professors drop into the conventionalities of religion, evade the conclusions of science and appeal to tradition rather than to reason and inspiration, they lose their religious influence over the students, as the pastors guilty of a similar indignity to culture lose their influence at home. The state universities, like all other universities, can, without fear of offending denominational prejudices or being challenged by the clergy, place increasing stress on ethics. The three-fourths of religion as of life, which is conduct, as Matthew Arnold would say, comes quite within the range of the universities. The university might and must interpret history, not from the standpoint of the warrior, but from that of the prophet. It is not the kings but it is the sages that are most deeply imbedded in the history of the race. The universities can, further, without fear of offense, give increasing place and power to the inspiring element in literature; by seeking to interpret literature, not from the standpoint of philology or grammar, but as revelations of the spiritual life. Browning, the most spiritual of modern poets, is perhaps the most neglected of English poets in university curricula. George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Ruskin and Tolstoy, the most ethical of modern authors, are but slightly utilized in our universities. Goethe's Faust, the book of Job, Browning's "The Ring and the Book" and "Paracelsus" are masterpieces of literature which may well take their places alongside of Shakespeare's dramas and the Greek tragedies. Their values are great because they appeal to the spiritual man.

If there is any value in these suggestions, the fundamental element in the question under discussion at this university conference was scarcely touched,—the question of readjusting the curricula, of shifting the emphasis from the material and physical studies to the psychic and spiritual verities as interpreted by history, philosophy, science and art. The clamor for technical education, the yielding to the boisterous exhibitions of brawn, suggestively contribute to the discussion of this question, to the thoughtful. We believe Miss Johnson's suggestion was most vital and ere long will prove to be the most practical of all the suggestions offered in the discussion. Let the universities provide mental gymnasiums, at least encourage spiritual athletics, and by all means possible give to the students immediate contact with the great teachers, the inspired books, the inspiring representatives of religion. There is no danger of sectarian interference with any plan that gives young men and women an opportunity to hear the great seers in any or in no denomination. Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spaulding, Washington Gladden, Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, have always been welcome on every campus and such as they will be ever welcome.

In the university as out of it, the problem is not more but better helps to students and professors to lead the life of the spirit. Sir Thomas More said that in Utopia there were not many priests, but they were men of conspicuous piety; there were not many churches, but the existing ones were large and commodious and the people loved to go there to sing and pray and learn of their spiritual needs together.

The most hopeful thing about the conference at Urbana was the fact that it was held under the auspices of an university and that college men and women showed profound interest in the discussion. The next most hopeful element in the discussion was the consensus as to the urgency of the question; and the third hopeful thing was a beautiful spirit of conciliation, a desire to find the common ground, and a willingness to lay aside secondary considerations in the interest of primal problems.

Let us have more such conferences, more such frank confessions, and soon the obscured vision and the halting step will give place to the insight and the courage that will bring about the better day in the religious life of our universities, the higher joys and the more spiritual enthusiasms among students.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What lines wherewith our northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours!
—*Whittier's "Last Walk in Autumn."*

I may not hope from outward hopes to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
—*Coleridge.*

THE PULPIT.

The Transformation of a County.

An After-Vacation Study.

SERMON PREACHED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, OCT. 8, 1905.

Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of Jehovah; make level in the desert a highway for our God.—Isaiah xl:3.

My earliest recollections of life are of a log house, surrounded by heavy forests, the clearing scarcely reaching at any point the boundaries of the little farm, the title to which came direct from the government. The presence of neighbors was testified to only by the ring of the woodman's ax and the tinkle of the cow bells. We could hear farther than we could see through the woods.

My father, an immigrant, avoided the broad prairies or even the more accessible "openings" that were available to the adventurous pioneer who dared make a "claim" thereon, because, to his Welsh eyes, the absence of trees suggested desert poverty. The land that "could not grow a horse-switch" was no place for a man to provide for a large and growing family. And so, with pathetic ignorance of the battle he challenged, he made his claim to one hundred and sixty acres of the heaviest forest accessible in the Rock river valley, in the county of Jefferson, in the then territory of Wisconsin. Hither he brought his wife and seven children, where he had to chop a tree in order to catch a glimpse of the sky. The logs for the house that was to become a home were near at hand; they needed no team to haul them. The family moved in as soon as the walls were up, while there was yet no roof, and for the first six months the only roof was made of basswood bark; for not only must the great oak trees be felled, sawed, rived and then shaved into shingles, but the skill to carry on the operation must be acquired by the foreigners who were strangers to the ax, the cross-cut saw and the draw-knife.

Here in this log house my life, from one to twelve years of age, was spent. I can remember little of the early privations and pleasures that gathered around this log house, the second house in what came to be known as the "Welsh settlement." But my recollections do reach back to the Indian, the deer, the trapper, the peddler, the weekly mail, the itinerant preacher and the grewsome battle with mosquitoes and malaria. For the heavy timber that filled the valley of the Rock River was interlaid with marshes like jelly in a layer cake; the marshes that must be crossed on log-ways; the logs laid side by side for wagons and end to end for pedestrians. These marshes were the despair of the traveler and the fertile hatching place of mosquitoes and malaria. It was a fortunate year that did not bring with it three or more months of ague in the spring and fall seasons. Next to saleratus and salt, quinine was the most staple necessity; and the shelves of the country store displayed large supplies of "Indian cologogue," "Wahoo Bitters," "Bile-Beans" and other "Sure Cures" for chills and fever. That was a thriftless housewife that did not lay in a goodly store of smart-weed, boneset, pennyroyal, prickly ash berries and other "yarbs" that would "come handy" in the ague season. When all other topics failed, when even the weather was exhausted, the fireside talk was sustained with "new cures" or old recipes for "breaking up the chills and

fever." He was uninitiated indeed who did not have the personal experience with a "special cure" to offer. The special merits of jalap, mandrake, ipecac, blue mass, castor oil, seidlitz powders and cold-water packs were discussed by experts. Never was empiricism in medicine more honestly based on actual experiments.

The industrial problems of my childhood were the removal of the forests, the building of roads through the marshes and clearing the land of boulders, for the glacier did great business in the transportation of rocks in Jefferson county.

The first problem of the farmer was to get rid of the timber. He sat up nights to burn off the splendid logs of oak, elm and basswood, the ashes of which offered the only article of commerce in the process. These were carefully heaped up and protected from the rain until the big wagon would come along and buy the ashes at a cent or a cent and a half a bushel, to be carried off to the ashery and converted into potash to be shipped farther east, where it would be converted into saleratus. In the back end of the big wagon was a case of goods,—blue jeans, needles, threads, calico and tinware—from which store the ashes were paid for.

When the trees were chopped off and the stumps had slowly rotted away, the little field was still peppered with "nigger heads,"—boulders big and small. These must be gathered up in piles or worked into stone hedges, where, in the fullness of time, they would offer the ready material for basements of barns, cellar walls, bridges, wells, and the foundations of roads through the marshes.

After eleven years of what seemed to be almost a hopeless battle with stumps, stones and ague, my parents once more ventured on a change, and gathering their children, now ten in number, moved into the open. A hundred miles away they found more elbow room on the prairie with land more available and air less poisoned with malaria.

Last summer, fifty years after this escape from the woods, I led a Tower Hill touring party on a vacation ride back to the old homestead. We traveled the length and breadth of Jefferson county, finding everywhere elegant roads, beautiful homes, well trimmed lawns, attractive orchards and gardens. Cows reveled belly-deep in clover where fifty years ago they sank in the mire. Then barefooted boys were sent flying through the woods to summon help from the neighbors to "help pull a cow out of the marsh;" now happy Jerseys walk daintily with unsoiled feet over the same ground. The forest is gone, except now and then along the roadside a veteran oak or a maternal elm is allowed to remain, as honored witnesses to the marvelous transformation.

In my boyhood recollection, oxen were the only beasts of burden and the ox-sled was the vehicle for summer and winter. When the new wagon, all green and red, came to our house, and when, some years later the three-year-old filly was bought from the drove of horses that came all the way from Ohio, the children came out of their way as they went home from school to see the interesting curiosities. But now prancing coach-horses and cushioned surreys are the commonplaces of the farm, while the automobile everywhere menaces the safety and disturbs the serenity of the turnpike road. In short, the backwoods settlement of fifty years ago is now on the main street of summer tourists, one of the most favored agricultural regions of the northwest. Jefferson county has a world-wide reputation for its cheese, its butter and its eggs, for Jefferson county is the home of W. D. Hoard, who has made classic the phrase "Treat your cow as you would a lady,"—and his well-known journal, *The Dairyman.*

Here and there, back on the hillside or down by a springside, is still to be seen the crumbling relic of the old log house that for a time did service as a barn or chicken house on its way downward. But the farm houses are stately brick or stone mansions, oftentimes with stained glass transom over windows and doors; hardwood floors in the inside; furnished with refrigerators for summer and steam heaters for winter. Of course the log school house has long since given way to the more commodious frame or brick, and that is now menaced by the town grammar and high school. The grandchildren of those who were happy if they could win attendance for a short winter term by working in the fields in summer time are now full of university ambitions and college lore, of fraternities and foot-ball.

What has brought about this marvelous physical transformation; made of the grewsome forests, the county of chills and fever, a park of beauty, a picture of prosperity, a county not only of home comforts but of home luxuries,—all within the memory of your speaker, a transformation of which, without boasting, he can say, "all of which I have seen and a part of which I have been?"

My friend, ex-Governor Hoard, whose weekly paper, the *Dairyman,* is read wherever progressive farmers live and is authority in Denmark and Scotland as it is in Pennsylvania and Oregon, would say that the cow has been an important factor in this transformation, and his claim is well substantiated by fact. Mr. Hoard has served his state well as governor; he was the defender of the public schools at a time when they were seriously menaced by organized political forces; but he has served his day and generation best by preaching what he calls "the gospel of the cow." In the interest of this gospel he has brought the farm nearer to the university; has courted science; converted the secrets of the laboratory into their economic equivalents in the creamery. Let me quote from a letter on this subject recently received from him:

The literature of the cow is a broad sea, hard to determine without much patient research as to just what would be of interest to you.

Going back into the old Hindu literature, we find an abundance of allusions to their ideas of the great question of the motherhood of the cow. Max Mueller tells us that in the old Sanscrit they compare the clouds of heaven to the cows, calling them "the cows of heaven," and when they dispense genial rain they speak of it as "the milk of the clouds." When Cadmus set out in search of his lost sister, Europa, and consulted the oracle of Delphi, the oracle told him to follow a cow and wherever she went he should go, and when she stopped finally and filled herself and lay down to rest, there he should build a city, and thus we are told arose the city of Thebes. So you see, away back in the early dawn of history, the cow was a home-builder, and nation-builder.

Mr. White, of Kenosha, said many years ago: "I always speak to a cow as I would to a lady." In this is recognized the stinctively the femininity and motherhood of the cow. In this instance as in many others, the refinement of a perfect humanity is the *summun bonum* of commercial wisdom. Those dairymen and breeders who carry out these doctrines to the fullest extent, who treat their cows with the utmost kindness, are almost universally successful financially with them.

You speak of Jefferson county and its high cultivation and comfortable homesteads. This has been the field of my most strenuous labor, of course, being in close contact with the people. My two papers have been teaching the doctrine of dairy improvement, soil improvement, home improvement, and particularly stable improvement for a good many years, and while a large proportion of the farmers seem on the surface to pay but little attention to what he said, yet on the whole, I can see there is a constant upward climb in the conduct of the herds and farms and the results obtained therefrom.

All credit, then, to this benignant connecting link

between the grass of the field and the stomach of man; this milk-making machine, designed by nature but perfected by human nature; and all honor to the man who has caused alfalfa fields to flourish in Wisconsin, hundreds of acres of which we saw yielding their third crop of the season, in early September. It was worth a pilgrimage of a hundred miles to see the serene faces and to look into the gentle eyes of Hoard's herd of forty pure-blooded Guernseys that looked up half in love and half in wonder as the admiring tourists drove into their velvet pasture. It did not detract from the amenities, the poetry, the civilities, the inspiration of the scene to know that each member of the herd was estimated by hundreds and not by tens of dollars, and that there were those whose commercial value must be told in four figures; and it is an added argument for the civilizing power of progressive farming to know that this prophet of the creamery, champion of the Guernsey and friend of of the Jersey, is financially successful in his venture; that Hoard's farm probably yields a profit comparable to any of the profitable farms of Jefferson county.

The cow is of course but a secondary cause of the prosperity of Jefferson county. She herself is the effect of a more primal cause. Jefferson county now abounds in Jerseys, Guernseys and Holsteins; it has great butter and cheese industries; we found there hundreds of workmen busy in manufacturing dairy supplies. Back of the cow are the Hoards and the Fargos, who are products of Jefferson county. To study the story of the pioneers in Jefferson county, as elsewhere, is to take a course of instruction in the development of spiritual power; is to come up on a first-hand revelation of the potency of mind. To apprehend the story of Jefferson county's transformation is to discover the foundation of morals and the secrets of religion.

The first pioneers in the valley of the Rock were young men from the hills and valleys of New England and eastern New York. They represent the stalwart stock of the Green mountains, the Adirondacks and the Genesee valley. They were drawn hither by the forests and the water power; they set themselves early to the work of harnessing the Rock and its tributaries. Jefferson county was staked out by these direct descendants of Puritan power. The 30's represent the American forerunners. Then in the 40's the wave of European immigration broke upon the forests of Jefferson county; on the crest of this wave I was borne. German, Irish, Norwegian and Welsh homeseekers poured in during the 40's. There were but 468 people in the county in 1838, but those 468 constituted a band of men who could build a dam, construct and manage saw mills and grist mills with their own hands. Those 468 pioneers bore many names that have long since become household words, not only in Wisconsin but in the nation. The men who laid the foundations of Jefferson county's prosperity were men who not only believed in the resources of the wilderness but believed in the resources in the more mystic depths of their own souls; they believed in human nature; they stood with open arms to welcome the creative tide of foreign life; they received them as a banker receives fresh deposits over his counter.

When my father had bought his hundred and sixty acres of land for one dollar and a quarter an acre (land which is now worth as many dollars per acre as it was worth cents at that time) and had bought a yoke of oxen and one cow, he had one round gold sovereign left in the palm of his hand. There he found himself in that forest, in the month of May, too late for any plowing or planting for that year, with a family of nine to feed. A son of New York who had already harnessed the Rock River to a saw, looked into his eyes and with prophetic insight saw something to trust, something to invest in, and through an interpreter he said to the man who knew no English, "Go back to the woods; begin chopping, chop, chop all summer. Next winter when the snow is on the ground, haul the logs to the bank of the river; roll them onto the ice and when the spring freshets come let your logs float down to my mill. Meanwhile I will open account with you and keep your family in flour until the logs come in for pay."

This, or something like it, was the story of thousands of the pioneers that helped bring about the marvelous transformation of Jefferson county. It was wit, aptitude, making common cause with industry, with honesty, with tireless patience and unconquerable ideals. The statistics of Jefferson county cows pale in interest and significance when compared with the story of Jefferson county brains. That county raised men whose names are familiar in the nation's annals; men who have made themselves felt in the pulpit, at the bar, by the bedside of the sick and in the legislative halls of state and nation. Jefferson county wrote its story with the blood of the patriots bred in these log houses, and their successors, when the union was imperiled and when freedom was threatened in the house of her friends. But Jefferson county has sent out a larger army still who have fought and are still fighting the forces of ignorance; who have made the country school houses of Wisconsin glow-points in the history of its advancement, by whose light this marvelous transformation has been wrought within the limits of half a century and within the memory of hundreds and thousands now living. To study the transformation of this county is to study the power of the human mind, the possibilities of human growth, the resources of common humanity, only so that humanity be crowded to its best, compelled to its mightiest, either by inward or outward necessity or by both.

The material statistics of Jefferson county challenge the admiration, aye, the wonder of the intelligent student, but the social history, the spiritual story of Jefferson county with its Watertown, Jefferson, Fort Atkinson and Lake Mills, strung like beads on the Rock River and its tributaries—these towns and others with their shaded streets, parks more or less developed, public libraries, high schools wherein the best methods of education are brought to bear upon hopeful, industrious boys and girls—and all this in fifty years—this makes the epic of Jefferson county, short as it is, a classic in spiritual transformation.

But if we pass from a study of the economic aspects, may I say the physiology of the county, into a study of its sociology, we awaken another class of emotions and perhaps find sources of anxiety as well as encouragement; for these early pioneers had other trials than mosquitoes and malaria; stumps, marshes and stones were not the only enemies to be overcome, in the work of converting the wilderness into a garden and making rose and apple trees grow in the place of brier and poison ivy. The immigrants of the 40's were a homesick lot. Well might they read with choking voices the plaint of the Hebrew when they hung their harps on the willow tree and could not sing in the land of strangers.

I think I can remember, though one can never be sure of alleged childhood memories, the terror and

the consequent cry that seized me when, in the new log school house (which turned out to be literally in the middle of the road, for it was built before the road was surveyed) the new schoolma'am spoke to me in a language I could not understand—the English of the statute. Fortunately the first schoolma'am was a bi-linguist and she could dispel the forlorn feeling which her English inspired, by some soothing sentences in my mother tongue.

On the morning of reaching the old homestead, our Tower Hill party breakfasted sumptuously in the brick house reared on the spot where once the old log house offered its unbounded hospitality to the immigrants.

After breakfast our party climbed the little hill now in the open and stood around the oldest grave that still remains in the colony of old settlers. Once it was literally the grave in the woods; it was the grave of one whose name I bear, hollowed by the hands of the brother and father. Hither was the body of the bachelor uncle borne, a few months after the logs in the wilderness were rolled together to make a home; and by the open grave the brother served as priest to his own family; with scripture and prayer and hymn he ameliorated somewhat the awful loneliness of the grave in the wilderness. Then the strong man broke, who would not yield, and unconsciousness rested the body that could no longer stand the strain of the invincible spirit. This was typical of the pioneer fortitude that wrought for the transformation of the wild into the cultivated Jefferson county.

My father's house was a log one with a loft reached by a ladder for the older children and trundle-beds for the younger ones, and still it was the objective point for hundreds and hundreds of immigrants, the distributing point of settlers. During twelve years of strenuous test, the limit of the hospitalities of that house were never reached. When the inside was full there was the "stoop" on the outside, the hay-mow in the barn and the shade of the garden, making ample room for all who came.

I have already spoken of the neighborly rally when the cow had sunk in the mire, but only those who have lived in that network of pioneer sympathies, who have inherited the blessed memories of neighborly exchanges that belong to the frontier, can understand how the poverty of things helped swell the riches of spirit; how the inspirations and consolations of the intangible nerved the arm to fight with forest trees, poisonous fens, pestilential breezes, arctic cold in winter and torrid heats in summer, and win out.

The sociology of the pioneer days in Jefferson county was simple but it was intense. The social fabric had few decorations, but it was vital; cut it anywhere and it would bleed. The communion of the backwoods was more sacramental than anything the creeds could define or understand. The logging bee, the house-raising, the rally to help the widow, the corporate harvesting of the sick man's crop and the husking of the orphan's corn, were eucharistic seasons in which the communicants partook of the very body and blood of the Master in ways they little realized and to an extent they could never understand.

"Here it is; right here is the spot, Jenkin, where the old school house stood. Here is where the door was through which you used to go in, Jenkin," said the old man, bent and twisted by the burdens of eighty-three years. Meager was the curriculum, crude was the instruction, far away was the boasted "new education." That school house knew nothing of "nature studies" or "character-building' in a pedagogical sense, and still there was more than academic tuition in those old log school houses that laid the foundation of a democracy magnificent, because it was actual. Within those old log school houses Scandinavian and Celtic, Germanic and English, French, Canadian and Indian blood were mixed as in a witch's cauldron and out of the mixture came the new something, unlike any of them and still partaking of the virtues of all of them,—the American citizen, whose pride of birth was lost in the joy of living. In the schoolroom, the clannishness of the home was translated, Webster's Elementary Spelling-book disintegrated the dogma, ameliorated the prejudices of the sects, eliminated the classes out of the practical ethics and the working religion of the settlement.

I dare not attempt to compare the sociology of the Jefferson county of today with the sociology of the Jefferson county of the 40's and 50's as I remember it, and as it is written in the earliest annals, of which the rising generation is far too careless. I wonder if the larger house, with the carpeted floor and its piano and picture embellishments, contains a contentment and a sincerity, a simplicity of the spiritual life as much richer and larger than that of the old log house as the brick mansion is larger than that of the house in the clearing.

Webster's Spelling book and the New York *Tribune*, perhaps a religious paper and the weekly mail, formed the connection between the home and the great world. On these lines did the mind of the child travel towards its culture. In mastering these it received its training.

How meager! What parent now-a-days would trust the child to such inadequate tutoring? And still it is a perfectly proper problem in pedagogy to ask whether your manual training, your special courses, your examinations and your reviews, aye, your high school preparations and college accomplishments are giving your children the relish for knowledge, the appetite for information, the appreciation of history, a vital acquaintanceship with the heroes of history, a working intimacy with the forces that make for good citizenship and high government, such as the boys and girls received in the old school-houses with their spelling schools and speaking days, and the love that clung to the apron strings of the sweet though unsophisticated little schoolma'am whose gingham apron and blue ribbon at the throat, daintily arranged, lifted her into the realms of fairy land, — a sylph-like being dwelling apart in the realms of sweetness to the barefooted boys and girls who blushed when she spoke to them and trembled when she kissed them.

If culture is to be interpreted in terms of character and character is to be tested by the potency of the will, the joy of the heart, it is a question which educators must face—whether the physical transformation of Jefferson county is paralleled with a culture equivalent.

And one step further: The circuit rider is largely a thing of the past; the primitive exhorter, the camp meeting, the crude theology, the grievous break between things sacred and things secular, is gone. Does the devoutness, the consecration, the delight in heavenly things, the peace of spirit, the serenity of soul, the sense of God in the heart and of providence in the life, remain?

I will not answer the questions which insist on being asked. Anyhow this study of the transformation of Jefferson county leaves us in the presence of a great spiritual fact and a great-spirited question.

When the old prophet called for a highway in the desert, a straight path for our God, his problem may have been a road-making problem; he may have been

speaking in the interest of better traffic ways between Jerusalem and the store-houses of the east. But so strong was the parallel, so pressing was the religious analogy that the ages have taken his text in a spiritual sense.

So I would fain convert this sermon of Jefferson county into a parable of the heavenly life—the life of today,—for Chicago, Illinois, and the United States still have their spiritual forests with their miasmatic swamps and pestiferous mosquitoes. There are sociological "hard-heads," social "boulders," political stumps to be removed before garden beauty, meadow wealth, will be made possible. What man has accomplished in the realms of nature man can and will and must accomplish in the realms of the spirit. We could not if we would return to the simplicities of the wilderness, the perplexities of the settlement, but we are confronted with pioneer tasks in the realm of morals, politics, civic weal and religious liberty. What the fathers accomplished on the lower fields the sons must achieve on the upper fields. Blessed be the pioneers who are busy ditching the marshes of political corruption, converting the wilderness into corn fields and orchards in the realms of morals. The analogies are so palpable, so pressing, so convincing that I need not attempt to state, much less enforce them. Let us in this first decade of the twentieth century apply ourselves to our tasks with the courage, fortitude, consecration and single-mindedness that the pioneers of Jefferson county applied to their tasks in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century, and when we are dust in grass-grown graves, others will bless us for our pioneering as we bless the pioneers who prepared for us a "Way in the Wilderness."

The Angel.

The sculptors have been instructed to change the faces of the angels in a New York church from women to men, because it is claimed there is no authority for the supposition that there may be women angels.—Ed.

Carve me an angel, sculptor, and let your stone be white,
So white that it will shimmer, reflecting back the light—
Give it a semblance, sculptor—a form and shape like this:
A lassie wee and drowsy, who gives a good night kiss,
Too weary from all her playing to open her lips to speak—
And carve the chubby fingers that touch her mother's cheek;
Ah, and she needs no halo—simply a wayward curl;
That is an angel, sculptor—somebody's little girl.

What for an angel, sculptor? Get you your marble fine,
Carve it with patient purpose, coax it to curve and line;
Drape it with flowing garments, give it the simple charms—
Carve us a mother holding her baby in her arms,
Wonderful, tender, hopeful, sweet she most be and wise
And with the light of heaven glimmering in her eyes,
That is an angel, sculptor—see that you carve it sure,
Showing the love that surges out from a soul all pure.

Carve me an angel, sculptor. Carve us a woman, old,
And grave in all the wrinkles her withered cheeks must hold—
Wrinkles that tell of sorrow, lines that the laughs have left;
Give her the knotted fingers no longer quick and deft,
Bend her with stress of toiling, bow her with weight of years,
Show us the golden beauty wrought of her smiles and tears,
Tell in the stone the story how she is wan and worn.
Through the self-denial for ones that she has borne
That is an angel, sculptor. Grave it, and carve it so,
And all the world will see it—see it, and bow, and know.

—*W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.*

Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love, and will not that repay
For all else Fortune tears away?

—*Barry Cornwall.*

The Sufficing Joy.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake."—Psalm xvii. 15.

"Satisfied when I *awake!*" Yet we are wont to think that to be satisfied is to be, at least in part, asleep. Hardly, in such a world as ours, could anyone who is awake to the reality of things be satisfied; otherwise it might be, not here. And the old Hebrew poet's thought, perhaps, is of an awakening beyond the silence of death.

Progress, we say, is a necessity of life here; and progress means dissatisfaction. Our faith in progress is our refuge from the wrongs that are. It is in the effort to make things move and advance that we manage to endure and hope, in a world so needy, in times so out of joint. No matter how bad things are, if only they are getting better, and we are helping to make them so, it is possible to keep heart of cheer. And therefore not satisfaction, but a divine discontent must possess the mind of him who is awake, we think. Only Progressives (I speak not municipally) can be really alive and sane, in such a world. Not the possession of Truth, but the endless search for it, is man's destiny here below, and ought, we persuade ourselves, to be his delight. Not perfection, but the unwearying pursuit of it, is humanity's highest chance. "Give me the wages of going on." "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" "'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do." "We are saved by hope." Such is the modern attitude towards life and the world.

But is this the final word,—the utmost truth of experience or of insight? It is true, of course, that life, for all finite beings, means progress—that stagnation or retrogression means death. And it is true that progress implies dissatisfaction—the restlessness of unfulfilled desire. Yet, looking closely, do we not discern an element of illusion here? Have we no experience of a deeper reality whereby we are lifted at times out of the unrest of progress, and granted the sufficing joy of *acceptance*—the noble content of a heart which takes the world as given, and is glad therein? Let us consider of this for a little.

It was said of Dr. Stubbs, the late Bishop of Oxford, that "he seemed to grudge every penny which he did not give away." And in the story of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch," that heroic woman takes rank with the kindly Bishop when she says, "Somehow I never feel like good things belong to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else." Such sayings are only a rough and ready way of stating the great fact—that some of us, at any rate, are never quite happy in the possession or the use of things which begin and end with self. They may be in the position of a learned, conservative Bishop, or of a poor woman struggling with adverse fortune; but they must needs feel themselves to be in touch with a life that is beyond that of their own personal life. Joy comes to them only so far as their action or thought relates them, consciously, to a wider sphere of interest and intent.

Now, every man is, whether he feels it or not, always in vital relation with the great world; he is borne on the heaving bosom of universal life; he is sustained by its manifold energies, every moment; he is dependent on his fellow-beings that share life with him here, and can never really isolate himself from them. And it is only as he comes "awake" to this that he knows what his own life is, or what things belong to him and make him truly rich. When men

become *vividly* awake to this they are apt to say things which astound us. "I have passed," said Whitman, "I have passed my spirit, in determination and compassion, over the whole earth, and found none but equals and lovers." "I have been in all the four quarters of the globe," said Father Taylor, "and I have never yet seen the human being whom I could not love." "There is plenty of room for all the people in the world, but there is no room for the *partitions*." —The "overcrowding" is the result, not of there being too many of us, but of the unnatural and unwarranted divisions of caste or creed, by which we try to isolate ourselves, one from another.—"One is your Father," said Jesus, "and all ye are brethren."

Now, those who say such things declare plainly that they have been made conscious of the unity of their own life with the life of others; they have attained to the conception of what is often termed the "solidarity of the race"; the whole human world has appeared to them as a Commonwealth or Brotherhood. And this, of course, is only a part of a still wider conception. For humanity cannot now be severed, even in thought, from the rest of the world. It is not only a commonwealth or fellowship in itself; it belongs to a universal fellowship; it is dependent for its very existence on the vast system of Nature; it is nourished by lowly products of the earth, and is responsive to the influence of distant suns and stars.

I suppose we nearly all believe this now. In this sense most thinking people are "Unitarians." Whatever we doubt or deny, we accept the universe as one and indivisible, pervaded by one Spirit or Law or Energy of Life. There *are* no partitions—except those created by a diseased brain or a degenerate heart. There is no impassable gulf, even between heaven and hell, or between an atom and an archangel. We no longer say "Nature abhors a vacuum"; we say that we cannot conceive one; if we tried to, science would at once crowd it with living creatures, or "electrons," or waves of ether, the all-pervading. Links in the chain of evolution may be lost or undiscovered, but reason can admit no breaks, and is assured that a law of existence which includes all forms must prevail in every moment of time, throughout all regions of space. The principle of gravitation, or the mutual attraction of all particles of matter, is only one aspect or form of the doctrine of unity—the bond of fellowship wherein all things and creatures live and move and have their being.

Now there are times when we not only think this, but *feel* it. There are moments, or moods of experience, when the idea of unity becomes alive, so to speak, and takes possession of our whole being. The thought of this amazing universe, vitally related in all its parts, sinks down into our emotional life, and fills the soul with impassioned wonder and solemn joy. We feel ourselves to be at one with all that is; no other being, however different, is alien or isolated in relation to our real self; "we have no life apart from others;" "a vast similitude interlocks all;" the world is a household of things and creatures; the universe is *home*, and the spirit of love pervades and penetrates the whole. * * *

Think as I may, watch the fury and conflict in the world, as I must, I cannot escape this fact of unity; and when I think seriously enough, the fellowship of existence is as sure as the law of gravitation, or the delight with which I behold the colors of sunset or the wonders of a starlit sky.

But to come broad awake to this—to feel it so as to rise above the strife and tumult of things, and reach the eternal fact—that is the secret of real satisfaction; and that is what we need and what we have a right to know and enjoy.

How may we attain thereunto? How can this heaven of joy be won? I was looking at a great tree the other day, under a wintry sky. Its branches were bare, but they spread outwards and upwards, and were outlined against the glow of color in the west, where the sun had gone down. The roots were hidden under the soil, delving downwards there in the ground, even as the branches soared upwards into the light and air above. How vital seemed the relation of that tree to the great life of things! It clung to the earth and would soon be drawing the sap from secret springs of moisture; it lifted itself heavenwards, and would soon be putting forth leaves and drawing in the surrounding air and storing up sunlight sent forth from an orb ninety millions of miles away. It seemed to me to relate itself thus to everything that is—not only to material things, but to that mysterious something which we call mind or spirit, and which, in or through me, was wondering there in presence of so glorious a piece of nature's work. A tree of this noble sort impresses one with the sense of something rooted and grounded in the great life, and related to the whole. But the small tits and chaffinches which flitted among its branches, and the gnats which danced for an hour in the warmer air of a sheltered corner of the wood, were not less so; nor was I. And what this tree, in its strength and fullness of sufficing life, unconsciously perhaps, I need to be consciously—that is all. And if we muse on this fact, which science and philosophy offer to us for meditation—if we ponder this gospel of the Universe, that there are no aliens or outcasts, but that all are one in the unity of the whole, we may become profoundly conscious of its reality and significance, and that consciousness will deepen into a religious faith; and there will be times when we shall so feel it as to be abundantly satisfied; the surges of everlasting being will flow through us; the passion of life's great purpose will prevail within us; and the peace of God will encompass and command the soul. Whatever personal wants or griefs may be holding their own upon us, they will not disturb or discontent us then, any more than the winds and the frost which stripped my giant beech tree and left it barren for a while, could foil its inmost life, its happiness. For we shall know that whatever happens to the part, it is well with the whole, and therefore also well with all the parts, because they are one with it. We shall feel that we and all things belong to that which giveth life to all—to the great Fatherhood and Motherhood of the universe, and we shall have no wish but that which breathes in the prayer of surrendered trust: "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." We shall accept what is granted, and renounce what is denied; we shall be content to live with the great laws, and obey them, as we learn what they mean, and know what they demand. "I shall be satisfied *when I awake*"—to this.

And here, too, if we can receive it, is the secret of all noble and free and beautiful action in the world. For this feeling of oneness with the great life of things breaks up the center of indifference, sets free the springs of love and sympathy, and sends us forth into the world of creatures, joyous to serve there, with any gift or grace of service granted to us now as men or women. Enmity is dead. Isolation, hatred, scorn of the worst or the least can prevail no more. There will be those we cannot like, but none we cannot love. And to any with whom we must

contend, or be, at times, in a rage of indignation, we may say as Shelley did:

"The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me;
I hate thy want of truth and love,
Then how can I hate thee?"

And as we obey this impulse to serve in the world because it is our home and all its children make but one family, the sense of that unity will become more strong, and the moments of sufficing joy in its realization will be more frequent and more lasting. The love which prompts to action is not exhausted, but reinforced, by action. And sometimes the hope may arise within us that this idea of the world's vast fellowship will triumph in the mind and life of humanity, and bring in the great glad age, when "the peace that is passionate and the passion that is peaceful" shall reign, and men shall cease to hurt and to destroy on all God's holy earth. Towards that consummation the Spirit of Progress ever strives and all ethical purpose aspires and moves.

Meanwhile, here and now, to spiritual insight or to reasonable faith, this actual world is a harmony of law and a unity of life, and love is its highest revealed truth and is the bond of perfectness and the fulfillment of desire. We shall be satisfied when we awake to the inward realization of this—when we *feel* that one is our Father, the Eternal Spirit of life, and all we—all creatures that share life with us here —are brethren. —*W. J. Jupp.*

London, Eng.

A Rule Before Going to Rest.

One of the best rules before going to rest is to put out of the mind every disagreeable thought and impression. We ought to carry nothing into sleepland saving what is precious and good. There is no use for the frets and fears and annoyances of the day in the silence and sweetness of sleep. They die away and should be forgotten before our dreams come.

Physiologically there is sense in this ridding our minds of tormenting things. We cannot sleep properly if we carry remembrance of slights and rudenesses with us. We toss and tumble and think we are not well. Nobody is well with a troubled mind. Health depends on our perfect repose and our repose depends on a loving, forgiving, happy mood of mind, so the logic is as clear as one and one make two that we must keep the rule and make ourselves our best selves before we go to sleep or try to go to sleep.

We may take a lesson from nature. Once in a while we say what a lovely sunset. It matters not about the commonplaceness of the day, as we measure things, for out at sunset come all the glorious colors of the sky. It is a surprise to us to see how splendid the heavens are then. If God is talking to us as he did to the first man in his world, this vision has something to say to us about calling out what is glorious and good in us. This is the hour to show it. The sun has been practicing these sunsets thousands and thousands of years, and that is why it does the business so well. We have but a few years to practice the radiation of our minds with this perfection of beauty; and this means we have no time to lose, and we ought to begin at once and keep it up always. We have the object lesson which we ought carefully to observe and heed.

And further, how quietly does twilight come on. It is a mystery and a blessing. In silence of eve is something bewitching and wonderful, a hint that the toil and strife, the noise and din of the day, have their limit. They were for a purpose, but that is served and now the same world-force asks for quiet and gentleness and trust that simply being has its beautiful side. It is all there in nature for us to hear and know.

And about sleep itself we ought to have a good thought. "God bless the man who first invented sleep" is a good proverb for Cervantes. We can bless God that man did not have to invent it. It comes at its own sweet will in its own sweet way and governs nearly half the kingdom of our time—and in order to make the kingdom worth having.

It gives us new strength. It is the body that requires rest. It must have it. We are told now the mind goes on thinking throughout the process, but the body refuses to be bothered with it. It has closed the shop and will not do any more business that day. The mind has foolish dreams and tries to arouse the body, but this because our rule has not been observed, the mind has not calmed and soothed and blest itself and been a willing servant of the necessity of sleep.

Then this closing of the eyes to the outward gives us a new interest in it as we awake. Virtually we die every evening and we are resurrected every morning. It is worth our while thinking of this. We often wonder what the experience must be. We would like the dead to come back and tell us but a word concerning it. It would disabuse us of fear and worry and dread. And we say in tones of regret, we cannot have any such knowledge. And yet we have every night of the year the very image of it—and every morn we have the joy of discovering ourselves to be all the better for the experience we have had. This is not so much a parable to the wise man as it is an actual word of truth, clear and sweet and instructive. There may be more than this, but this is a lesson so often repeated that we are dunces if we do not learn it.

And it is very good to know what poetry there is about our sleep. We are in a divine world when what seems to be the end is the beginning and promise of what has the beauty of infinity in it. We see it in the stars. "God made the sun and moon; he made the stars also," says the first poem of the Book. The sun is one and fills the heavens by day. He is ever the master and naught else is visible till night comes, and though the moon at full well represents the sun as a lesser light, the stars are our wonder and delight now. They have widened the universe, deepened it and made it strangely beautiful to us in its possibilities of space and communities of gladness and opportunities of being all that man as spirit may express.

And the night is studded with stars, worlds and systems of worlds, even if our eyes are closed and we do not see. And this seems a parable of the beneficence of life so rich for us as to give us in our sleep. We need not fear "our couch becoming our tomb," if we lose one world there are so many remaining, and we may have the joy journeying through all and seeing the beauty thereof.

At least this is a happy thought and as when we were taught to repeat "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to God my soul to keep," we can have a trust serene and sure. We can let the glow of loving confidence be in our minds, and the ravelled threads of care will be straightened out and sleep will be an angel of blessing watching over us and bringing us to the glory of a new day! WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Play is the great social stimulus, and it is the prime motive which unites children and draws them into comradeship.—*Jane Addams.*

Where'er my path
On earth shall lead me, I'll keep a nesting bough
For hope, the song bird. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Pity that questions has little healing in its touch.

Mon.—There is nothing grimmer than the tragedy that wears a comic mask.

Tues.—The people who take society as an escape from work are putting it to its proper use; but when it becomes the thing worked for it distorts all the relations of life.

Wed.—Because a blue-bottle bangs irrationally against a window-pane, the drawing-room naturalist may forget that under less artificial conditions it is capable of measuring distances and drawing conclusions with all the accuracy needful to its welfare.

Thurs.—No insect hangs its nest on threads as frail as those which will sustain the weight of human vanity.

Fri.—Affluence, unless stimulated by a keen imagination, forms but the vaguest notion of the practical strain of poverty.

Sat.—She was not above the inconsistency of charging fate, rather than herself, with her own misfortunes.

—From The House of Mirth, by Edith Wharton.

Her Name.

"I'm losted! Couldn't you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The wind had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last." She shook her head.
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single thing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came;
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cepting when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says," the culprit owns,
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

—Western School Journal.

The Ants.

Ho Kwan of Kuang Nan was a kind-hearted man and never killed any living thing. He had a jar containing one thousand pieces of silver which he kept in a casket. The white ants, of which there were so many in his district, invaded the casket and ate part of the silver. When his family found what had happened, they traced the ants to a hollow cave where millions of them were living. They thought if they put all of these ants in a crucible, perhaps they could recover a part of the lost silver. But Ho objected to the scheme, saying: "I cannot bear to see all these many creatures killed on account of a small sum of silver."

So they let the matter drop. That night he dreamed that scores of soldiers in white armor came to him, asking him to enter a carriage which they had with them and to come to the palace of their king. Ho Kwan proceeded with the soldiers to a town where the people looked prosperous and the buildings were all magnificent. Numerous officers came out to meet him and took him to a splendid palace. The king, clad in royal fashion, descended from the throne, and, cordially saluting Ho Kwan, said: "By your benevolent acts we have been saved from our enemy. While not forgetting your kindness, the lack of strict discipline among my people caused you some trouble recently, but by your mercy they have again been saved from calamity. How could I let your kindness go unrequited this time? There is a certain tree near your residence readily identified, under which in olden times a certain person buried a jar full of silver. Just dig that out and keep it for yourself. You are the unicorn of mankind (the emblem of perfect goodness) that will never hurt any living soul. It is a pity that you are now too old to enjoy the fruits of your kindliness yourself, but your descendants will reap what you have sown."

After this Ho Kwan was escorted back to his own house as before, by armed soldiers. When he awoke he meditated on the dream and found it to be the work of the ants. So he dug up the place as told by their king and recovered a jar buried therein these many years. His son became an eminent scholar.—*From Moral Tales on Response and Retribution, translated from the Chinese—The Open Court.*

A Jealous Burro.

At the Falls of the Seven Sisters in the South Cheyenne Cañon, in Colorado, there is a photographer who is the happy possessor of the now aged burro formerly owned by Helen Hunt Jackson. About six hundred feet above the highest of these falls is a charming spot which the gifted writer named Inspiration Point, and where she spent much of her time when writing. She was accustomed to riding up there on a white burro named Dick. This little animal has long outlived its mistress and its usefulness, but he is still held in great honor, and tourists and children are permitted to have their pictures taken while sitting on his back.

At the photographer's galleries there was an insignificant little brown donkey tied to one arm of the settee, while historic old Dick was tied to the other. As soon as I heard Dick's history I sat down on the settee and tried to make friends with him, but he resented my advances, laid back his ears, braced his feet, and resisted with all his might my efforts to draw him to me. So I gave up and turned to the other one. He was all ready to be petted; laid his head on my shoulder, shut his eyes and looked a picture of contentment.

In a moment I felt a nudge at my arm, and turning around I saw old Dick close beside me. I looked at him in astonishment, and he gave me another nudge with his nose. All the contrariness was gone from his face and he had a most pleading expression. I glanced at the photographer and saw that he was watching and laughing.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "Dick is jealous and wants you to pet him, too."

"But I tried to do so first, and he would not let me," I replied.

"That is the way he does," said the photographer. "He won't allow any one to make of him until he sees the other one getting attention, then he changes his mind and wants some of the petting also."

I immediately forgave the little fellow his former coldness and he assumed the attitude of his rival. As I sat there with a burro's head on each shoulder, we were three happy comrades, and I shall always regret that I did not have a picture taken at that moment.—*Abbie L. Weeks, in Our Dumb Animals.*

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

CHICAGO.—A meeting of the Chicago branch of the Peace Society was held at Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday night, the president, Hiram W. Thomas, presiding. The addresses were made by Dr. Thomas, Rev. Fred V. Hawley and Rev. W. B. Thorp, pastor of the South Congregational Church. Dr. Thomas emphasized the need of an organized world and counted the encouraging signs. Mr. Hawley dwelt upon the gradual but sure ameliorations of the atrocities of war and predicted the time when the logic of the situation would put an end to international fights. Mr. Thorp did not look for an end to the friction and rivalries that guarantee progress, and said there never would be an end to the divine right of protest—if need be of secession and revolution. The only question was as to whether national disputes should be settled on the low plane of brute force or on the higher plane of arbitration and judicial adjustment. There was no reason why the final method should not have been resorted to at the beginning rather than at the end of the Japanese-Russian war. Those present wondered why these peace meetings are not more common. The answer seems to have been reached by Mr. Hawley when he spoke of the lukewarm, slipshod way in which the churches face this problem. While they profess to be organized in the name of and under the leadership of the ''Prince of Peace,'' they have been singing martial music and organizing boys' brigades armed with dummy guns within the walls of the sanctuary itself. They have been voting for warmen and measures, putting, by their consent and approval, more money in one battleship than would equip an university.

Foreign Notes.

SWISS THANKSGIVING DAYS.—This, the third Sunday in September, is the *Jeune fédéral*, or national fast-day. A fast-day in name, but rather a feast-day in observance. Like our own Thanksgiving Day, it was at first neither a regularly recurring holiday nor a national one, but a strictly religious festival observed by the Protestant cantons only. The first impulse toward such an observance in Switzerland came from the two great centers of the Swiss Reformation: Geneva and Zurich. In the former city the earliest observance of a day of fasting and prayer recorded in the archives of the Pastors' Association was in October, 1567. Seventeen such fasts, we are told, were observed between this date and 1635, the most notable being that of September 2, 1572, when the news of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew reached Geneva. In Zurich, from 1602 on, the observance of a fast-day was of almost yearly occurrence, and elsewhere such fasts were appointed in consequence of the ravages of the pest, or any heavy affliction due to cruelty of man or the forces of nature. During the seventeenth century the ties between Geneva and the Swiss churches had become so close that occasionally a fast-day was celebrated in common. In Geneva it was more often as an expression of sympathy and compassion for the persecutions of their co-religionists in adjoining French territory that these services were held.

In 1650 an annual fast-day was established in the Protestant cantons. This day was later observed by the Catholics as well and Geneva—not then Swiss, it must be remembered—joined in its observance from 1698. Both name and date of this festival were variable, and it was no longer necessarily connected with some great misfortune to country or church. The observance continued throughout the eighteenth century. By that time religious animosities had largely given way to a common love of country and consciousness of its integrity, and when, at the instigation of Zurich and Bern, the Catholic cantons were invited to participate and give the holiday a national rather than a confessional character, the invitation was accepted, first by Lucern in 1795 and 1796. The fast of September 8, 1814, prepared, and that of 1815 consecrated, the admission of Geneva into the Swiss Confederation. At length, in 1832, by a unanimous vote of the twenty-two cantons, the date was permanently fixed as the third Sunday in September. Sunday was chosen for the sake of the Catholics, who did not wish to add another week day to their already numerous holy days.

It is characteristic of the tenacity with which Geneva holds to its own customs and usages, notwithstanding much catholicity of spirit, that she was not content to merge her traditional fast-day in the national one. For a time the latter only was observed, but in 1837 a certain part of the population rose in protest and on the traditional day—the first Thursday in September—the people betook themselves *en masse* to three of the churches and called on their pastors to celebrate the *Jeune Genevois*, which had been suppressed. Six pastors yielded, and thereby drew down upon themselves a reprimand from the consistory, demanded by the state council. One of them, who preached twice, was suspended by the government for six months. In subsequent years, however, the observance was sanctioned and it now occurs regularly by the Protestant parishes on the first Thursday after the first Sunday in September, so that Geneva has two holidays always ten days apart.

This year the *Jeune Genevois* fell on a Thursday bright and warm—one of the rare bright days in this very rainy autumn—and I gladly accepted the invitation of my host to accompany him to the morning service in the little parish church of Chêne. We go out the back way, past the row of majestic, ivy-wreathed oaks centuries old, that are my never-failing delight on this estate, through a long avenue of tall horse chestnuts that are almost as airy and graceful as elms, to one of those green by-ways, hedge-bound and tree-shaded that give one such delightful vistas. It is a twenty minutes' walk, but not all the way so picturesque, for at length we reach the highway which this unesthetic age has quite denuded of verdure. Here we tramp along in the blazing sun till greenness is reached once more at the churchyard gate. The little church is an eighteenth century structure quite unlike any other ''temple'' in this region; an amphitheater in form with a conical roof, a broad open porch on the ground level, and over the entrance a hexagonal bell-tower or cupola. Before it is an ample yard well shaded by fine horse chestnut trees, behind it lies a peaceful little burying ground where, among many less noted folk, rest the mortal remains of the great naturalist, de Saussure, and the historian Sismondi. Beyond it the parsonage is well nigh hidden in trees and shrubbery. The bell is ringing as we approach, but we venture to take a brief turn through the little graveyard and then slip into our places by a modest back entrance. This little back door is a modern innovation to spare late comers the embarrassment of facing the whole assembly. Such a concession to poor human nature quite scandalized the good people at first, but it would seem that they have grown used to it.

The audience is not a large one. The service is simple in the extreme. A brief outline of the origin and history of the day precedes the sermon, which is a simple, direct exhortation to good citizenship, right living and gratitude for blessings received. The words of the hymns are unfamiliar, but one air at least is not, and so I find myself singing French words to the tune of ''Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.'' After the benediction we pass out under the spreading horse chestnut trees and stroll through the little town, which is in reality two villages, one Protestant, the other Catholic, each with its own autonomous administration, separated only by a narrow stream. The latter, formerly belonging to the House of Savoy, was granted to Geneva by the treaty of Vienna as a consolidation of her territory essential to her admission into the Swiss confederation. Just over the bridge, then, rises the principal Catholic church, now occupied by a small congregation of Old Catholics, the National Catholic church. Farther on the Roman Catholics have erected a modest little structure which they occupy provisionally while waiting for the slow, but seemingly certain, disintegration of the National congregation to give them back their own. Here in the market place stands a fine statue of Louis Favre. Born here in obscurity, he achieved fame and fortune as an engineer and constructor of the St. Gotthard tunnel. Dying suddenly in 1879, before the completion of the tunnel, his large fortune was swallowed up in damages for breach of contract.

For the *Jeune Fédéral*, this morning, we have been across the city to St. Gervais, the oldest church building in Geneva. This somewhat dilapidated but picturesque old structure had for-

merly quite spacious galleries, which gave it a greater seating capacity than any other of the Protestant churches, not excepting the cathedral. For this reason it was here that Charles Wagner has been wont to preach on the occasion of his visits to Geneva. The recent restorations however, in rendering to the edifice its original form, have for many destroyed its old-time charm, and by suppressing the galleries have so reduced the seating capacity that Pastor Wagner, when here for the Liberal Congress, was obliged to preach in St. Pierre, where, as mentioned in a previous letter, many people were unable to hear him satisfactorily on account of its bad acoustic properties.

There are four pastors for the parish of St. Gervais; two orthodox, two liberal. One conducted the opening services, another preached the sermon, while the remaining two were to be seen in the audience. The attendance was not large. The sermon was by one of the liberal pastors, Rev. Cougnard, son of Rev. John Cougnard, the eloquent and brilliant leader of the liberals in the days when feeling ran high between the two parties in the National Protestant church. The son has not his father's eloquence and prestige, but it is not altogether easy to be strikingly original in a Thanksgiving sermon, and his discourse, if not brilliant, was sincere and practical.

The afternoon was given to a family reunion at the home of my host, where I had the pleasure of meeting again after many years, M. Alfred Claparède, formerly Swiss minister at Washington, more recently at Vienna, and now accredited to the Imperial Court at Berlin, and of making personal acquaintance with M. Auguste de Morsier, a valiant champion of the Abolitionist movement and the cause of woman, and several members of the faculty of the University of Geneva.

In closing, a brief extract from the official proclamation of the Fast may serve to suggest the difference between this national holiday and our own Thanksgiving. Unlike an American proclamation, it does not resume the events of the year nor the evidences of the nation's material progress and prosperity, but emphasizes rather the duties of the individual toward his native land, his personal responsibility for its present and its future. Perhaps something more of this spirit would not be amiss in our own great republic. What think you?

"Finally to us, heads of families, more especially privileged but also charged with a heavier responsibility because to us it is given to transmit to our children the sacred tradition of our fathers, our country recommends their instruction in respect for those institutions which are the basis of our national life and for those to whom their administration is committed. She expects us to inspire in them that ardent patriotism which is ready for sacrifice at any moment; she demands that we teach them to regard those civil and military duties to which all Swiss citizens, without exception, are called, not as painful and useless tasks, but as prerogatives which make of them Swiss citizens truly worthy of the name.

"Such, dear fellow citizens, are the thoughts we invite you to meditate upon during the Federal Fast; may this serious meditation result for our much-loved country in another forward step toward progress, toward light, toward liberty.

"Long live the Swiss Confederation! Long live Geneva!"

M. E. H.

Books Received.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

Lady Dear, by Millicent E. Mann. Catch Words of Cheer, by Sara A. Hubbard; 75c. Life of Oliver Cromwell, by Thomas Carlyle. Life of Queen Elizabeth, by Agnes Strickland. Life of Robert Burns, by John Gibson Lockhart. Life of Sir Walter Scott, by John Gibson Wilson. Ben Blair, by Will Lillibridge. In the Land of the Strenuous Life, by Abbé Felix Klein; $2 net. Home Life in France, by Betham-Edwards; $2.50 net.

Paul Elder & Co.

An Alphabet of History, by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Teddy Sunbeam, by Grace Sperry. Love, compiled by Paul Elder; 50c net. One Hundred and One Entrées. The Matrimonial Primer, by V. B. Ames.

The Macmillan Company.

Government Regulation of Railway Rates, by Hugo R. Meyer; $1.50 net. Sturmsee, by the author of Calmire; $1.50 net. War of the Classes, by Jack London; 25c.

The Gorham Press.

Poems, by Alexander Francis Chamberlain. Crux Aetatis, by Martin Schutz.

The Nunc Licet Press.

The Balanced Life, by Clarence Lathbury; $1. Marriage, by Jane Dearborn Mills; 50c.

Funk and Wagnalls Company.

The Church of Christ, by a Distinguished Layman; $1 net.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Words of Garrison; $1.23 net.

Thomas Whittaker.

Religion and Politics, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey; $1.25 net.

Lee & Sheppard.

Life More Abundant, by Henry Wood; $1.20 net.

Walter Scott.

Sea-Music, edited by Mrs. William Sharp.

United States Government.

Annual Reports of the Department of the Interior, 1903.

Jeremiah J. Crowley.

The Parochial School, by Father Crowley.

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